

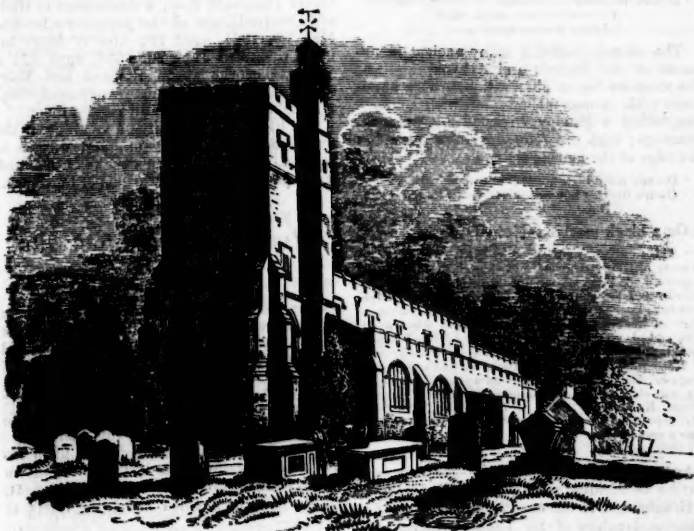
The Mirror

OF
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

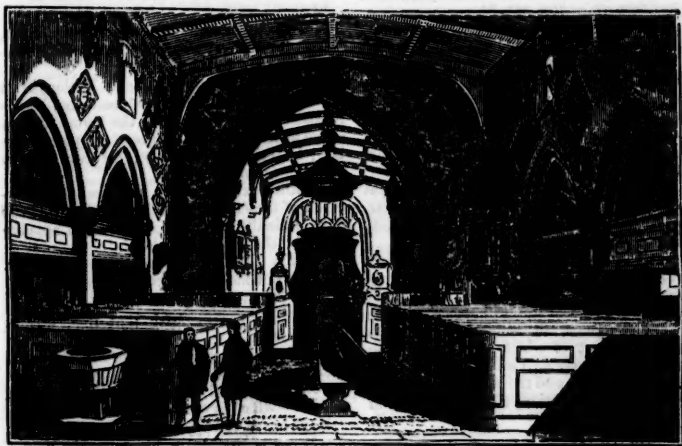
No. 1041.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1841.

[Price 2d.



Exterior of Cheshunt Church, Herts.



Interior of Cheshunt Church.

CHESHUNT CHURCH, HERTS.

This church, dedicated to St. Mary, is a spacious edifice—of three aisles and chancel embattled; with a handsome lofty tower, containing a peal of six bells, the most ancient of which bears the following inscription:—

"Daniel Reddington, Philip Chelton, Anthony Tarry, Churchwardens, 1629.
James Bartlett made mee."

The church contains many ancient monuments of the Dacre's and Atkyns' families; the most worthy of observation, are—a handsome table monument, adorned with columns supporting a canopy enriched by armorial bearings; with the following inscription, on the edge of the marble slab:—

"Dormit aunc liber qui vixit in carcere carnis,
Carnis libertas non nisi morte venit.
Robertus D-acre. 1543."

On a black marble tablet—

"This tombe was, in the year 1543, erected to the memory of Robert Dacres, of Cheshunt, in this county, Esquire and Privy Counsellor to King Henry the Eighth, and for his wife Elizabeth, whose bodies lye both here interred; and since hath bene the Burying Place of his Sonne George Dacres, Esq., who dyed 1580, and his wyfe Elizabeth; as also of Sir Thomas Dacres, sonne of the said George, who dyed 1615; and of Katherine his wyfe, by whom he had only one daughter, and of Dorothy his second wyfe, who bare him thirteene children, whose sonne and heire Sir Thomas Dacres, Knt., now living, at his charge, this year 1644, repayred this monument, intending it in due tyme a resting place for himselfe and his lady Martha, and their posterity."

Another monument, to the memory of Martha Doddridge, wife of John Doddridge, of Branbridge, in the county of Devon, Esq., youngest daughter of Sir Thomas Dacres, of Hertford, Knt., and who died in 1655, has the following quotations:—

"Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."—Prov. xxx. 29.

"This is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day."
—Gen. xxxv. 19, 20.

The nave and side aisles contain many monumental inscriptions; and, at the west end, under the gallery on the north side, is a full-length statue, in marble, of Daniel Dodson, who died, Anno MDCCXII.

On the north wall of the chancel is a marble tablet belonging to the Dewhurst family, one of whom, Robert Dewhurst, of Cheshunt Nunnery, in conjunction with his sister, founded the free school in 1640: he died 1645.—(Vide *Mirror*, No. 1035, p. 353.)

Among the many benefactors to the poor, inscribed on the galleries, is the following:—
"King James the First gave" to the poor of Cheshunt for ever, in lieu of land taken from Cheshunt Common to enlarge Theobald's Park, 500*l.*, part of which was laid out in building alms-houses on Turner's Hill, for ten poor aged widows; and the residue purchased a farm at Nazing, Essex, for the use of said

• Wit, greater propriety, we think, "exchanged"
"Solomon, the son of David," was not pre-succinct for his liberality.

poor for ever; then let for 15*l.* 10*s.*, but now for 25*l.*

The ancient font in the church stands near the tower in the north aisle; it is of a rude octagon form, having several supporters.

Among the many tombs and inscriptions in the church-yard, is one to the memory of Oliver Cromwell, Esq., a descendant of Richard Cromwell, son of the protector: he died May 30, 1821, aged 79: also of Mary his wife, who died June 28, 1831, aged 87: a daughter of the above Richard and Mary Cromwell married Thomas A. Russell, Esq., of Cheshunt Park, who still resides there.

The living of Cheshunt is a vicarage, in the archdeaconry of Middlesex, and diocese of London, rated in the king's books at 26*l.*, and in the patronage of the Marquis of Salisbury.

CHATHAM'S COMMAND OF THE HOUSE.

[From the Quarterly Review.]

On one occasion, for example, Lord Chatham rose and walked out of the House, at his usual slow pace, immediately after he had finished his speech.

A silence ensued, till the door opened to let him into the lobby.

A Member then started up, saying, "I rise to reply to the Right Honourable Member."

Lord Chatham turned back and fixed his eye on the orator, who instantly sat down dumb; then his Lordship returned to his seat, repeating, as he hobbled along, the verses of Virgil:—

At Danu'm proceres, Agamemnonisque phalanges,
Ut videre citum fulgenti que arma per umbra,
Ingenui trepidare metu: pars utere tergo,
Cen quod in petitis rates: pars tollere vocem
Exiguam; turpius clamor frustratur hiantes.

Then, placing himself in his seat, he exclaimed, "Now let me hear what the Honourable Member has to say to me."

When the late Mr. Charles Butler, from whom we borrow this anecdote, asked his informant, an eye-witness, if the House did not laugh at the ridiculous figure of the poor Member; he replied, "No, sir; we were all too awed to laugh."

Another extraordinary instance of his command of the House is, the manner in which he fixed indelibly on Mr. Grenville the appellation of "the Gentle Shepherd."

At the time in question, a song of Dr. Howard's, which began with the words,

"Gentle Shepherd, tell me where,"

each stanza ending with that line, was in every mouth.

In the course of the debate Mr. Grenville exclaimed, "Where is our money?—where are our means? I say again, Where are our means?—where is our money?"

He then sat down, and Lord Chatham paced slowly out of the House, humming the line,—

"Gentle Shepherd tell me where,"

SONG OF THE SEASONS.

[For the Mirror.]

Round the magic circle still,
The seasons aye their way fulfil:
Budding Spring, and glowing Summer,
Pallid Autumn,—and unto her
Add a staid and sober dame,
Winter,—with her cheering flame.

First, sweet Spring her way began,
When the vernal breezes fan
Budding trees, and bursting flowers,
Spreading o'er the leafless bowers,
From her lap the snow-drop fell,
Dropping down a milky bell,—
And the yellow anemone
Peers again upon the sight.
Crocus and gay daffodil,
Each their dusky fulfil,
While the silvery clouds are spreading,
And their cheering influence shedding,
Listen—listen!—soft and low,
In some covert hiding now,
Cuckoo notes of April tell,
Where the hawthorn blossoms swell,
For'did grows the noontide ray,
Dove-y'd Spring has fled away!

Then comes "refulgent Summer," round her brow
A wreath, where roses and gay tulips glow
Her golden tresses in the balmy air,
Shine in the beams that her fair presence share,
And she is beckoning to the welcome shade,
Where the soft moss has a green carpet made.
The scent of new-mown hay is on the gale,
Low hums the bee over the sultry vale;—
But swiftly glides the reign of Summer by,
And pallid Autumn shows her presence nigh.

Come, gifted season, with thy bounteous store
Of yellow sheaves, spreading the landscape o'er,
And laden boughs in tangled orchards seen,
Round cottage roofs, with creeping ivy green;
The partridge "bursts away on whirling wing,"
As thou thy withered leaves art scattering,
And misty grows the darkening morn and eve,
As pensive Autumn takes her lingering leave.

Who follows next with stealthy pace,
In frost and storm comes Winter round,
When glittering frosts the morning grace,
And social groups the hearth surround;
And closer draws the circle year,
While blazing ingots lend their cheer.

Shut out the dull ill-favoured day,
Defy the rain, the storm, and snow,
Old Winter's eve may be as gay
As Summer, with her leafy bough,
While sparkling wit, and soft affection's beam,
Shine from each eye in dark December's gleam.

Each has her charm—Spring's robe of green,
And laughing Summer's gorgeous light,
And Autumn's beauty all serene,—
And Winter with her tapers bright.

Eternal Mover of the spheres,
Each varied season tells of Thee,
And thro' the ever circling years,
Proclaims Thy power and Majesty!
Give us thro' all Thy love to feel,
And grateful hearts, before Thy throne to kneel!

Kilron-Lindsay.

ANNE R.—

BABYLON.

[For the Mirror.]

Troop glory of a thousand kings,
Proud daughter of the East!
That dwellest as on sea-birds' wings,
Upon Euphrates' breast;

* A volume of this lady's poetry, entitled, "The Nun, and other poems," is preparing for the press, and will be published by subscription.

As lofty was thy pride of old,
So deep shall be thy doom:
Thy wealth is fled, thy days are told,
Awake! thine end is come!

A sound of war is in the lands!
A sword is on thy host!
Thy princes and their mighty bands—
The Lord shall mock their boast!
His Hand shall rein the rushing steed,
And quell the rage of war,
Shall stay the flying lance's speed,
And burn the whirling car.

Set ye the standard in the lands;
The Lord of Hosts hath said,
Bid trumpets rouse the distant bands
Of Persia and the Medes;
The bucklers bring, make bright the dart,
I lead thee forth to war,
To burst the gates of brass apart
And break the iron bar!

The spoiler's hand is come upon
Thy valiant men of might,
Their lion hearts, proud Babylon,
Have failed thee in the fight,
Thy cities are all desolate,
Thy lofty gates shall fall,
The hand that wrought Gomorrah's fate
Shall crush thy mighty wall.
The shepherd shall not fold his flocks
Upon the desert plain,
But lurking in thy cavern'd rocks
The forest beast shall reign.
Fair Babylon, Lost Babylon!
Sit in the dust and mourn,
Hurled headlong from thy lofty throne—
Forgotten and forlorn!

E. M.

SONNET AT THE EXPIRY OF 1840.

BY JAMES WYLAON.

[For the Mirror.]

FAREWELL, Old Year!—relinquished with regret;
E'en though with pains and penalties so fraught—
E'en though with these some glorious lights have set,
And in thy page some bitter truths are taught.

Full merrily peals out the parting knell,
To mask from memory thy joys and joys;
And, more unweary still, each flitting bell
Haileth the new with loud applauding voice.

Ah! when I backward scan the chain of years,
That but identify my youth and now;
Short, and more short, each later link appears,
Since Time first lined his furrows on my brow:
Come then—a shorter still, prelude to my last!
But bring thou more of wisdom than the past.

CHARACTER OF THE FRENCH.

The following character of the French is given them by a man of genius, who loved them, and whose memory they have highly honoured; it is by ROUSSEAU:—

"Ils ont en effet le sentiment qu'ils nous témoignent, mais ce sentiment s'en va comme il est venu.—En vous parlant ils sont pleins de vous, ne vous voient-ils plus, ils vous oublient. Rien n'est permanent dans leur cœur: tout est chez eux l'œuvre du moment."

"They are really the very sentiment they avow, but this sentiment passes as it comes. When they address you, they are full of you; let them see you no more, and they forget you. Nothing is permanent in their bosoms; every thing with them is the work of a moment."

ON THE PRETERNATURAL BEINGS
OF SHAKESPEARE.*

"Mrs. MONTAGU, in her chapter on the Preternatural Beings of Shakspeare, has honourably distinguished and defended the supreme power which he possessed over the fairy-land; and the present Bishop of Worcester, in his letters on chivalry and romance, has not been less anxious in adorning the poet's memory, by treating in a very delightful manner on the *cast of Shakspeare's magic*—or, on his predilection for the popular tales of elves and fairies, and other enchantments of the *gothic* kind (in preference to pagan divinities); the allusion to which is so grateful to the charmed spirit.

"I will extract a few passages from Mrs. Montagu's Essay; who has testified to the excellence of our poet on the subject of preternatural beings.

"When the Pagan temples ceased to be revered, and the Parnassian mount existed no longer, it would have been difficult for the poet of later times to have preserved the divinity of his Muse inviolate, if the western world, too, had not had its sacred fables. While there is any national superstition which credulity has consecrated, any hallowed tradition long revered by vulgar faith; to that sanctuary, that asylum, may the poet resort. Let him tread the holy ground with reverence; respect the established doctrine; exactly observe the accustomed rites, and the attributes of the object of veneration; then shall he not vainly invoke an inexorable or absent deity. Ghosts, fairies, goblins, elves, were as propitious, were as assistant to Shakspeare, and gave as much of the sublime, and of the marvellous, to his fictions, as nymphs, satyrs, fauns, and even the triple Geryon, to the works of ancient bards. Our poet never carries his preternatural beings beyond the limits of the popular tradition. It is true, that he boldly exerts his poetic genius and fascinating powers in that magic circle, in which none durst walk but he; but, as judicious as bold, he contains himself within it. He calls up all the stately phantoms in the regions of superstition, which our faith will receive with reverence. He throws into their manner and language a mysterious solemnity, favourable to superstition in general, with something highly characteristic of each particular being which he exhibits. His witches, his ghosts, and his fairies, seem 'spirits of health or goblins damn'd'; and bring with them airs from Heaven, or blasts from Hell. His ghosts are sullen, melancholy, and terrible. Every sentence, uttered by the witches, is a prophecy, or a charm; their manners are malignant, their phrases ambiguous, their promises delusive. The witches' cauldron is a horrid collection of what is most horrid in their sup-

posed incantations. Ariel is a spirit, mild, gentle and sweet, possessed of supernatural powers, but subject to the command of a great magician."

"After the consecrated groves were cut down, and the temples demolished, the tales that sprang from thence were still preserved with religious reverence in the minds of the people.

"The poet found himself happily situated amidst enchantments, ghosts, goblins; every element supposed the residence of a kind of deity; the genius of the mountain, the spirit of the floods, the oak endued with sacred prophecy, made men walk abroad with a fearful apprehension,

(Of powers unseen, and mightier far than they.

On the mountains, and in the woods, stalked the angry spectre; and in the gayest and most pleasing scenes, even within the cheerful haunts of men, amongst villages and farms,

Tripp'd the light fairies and the dapper elves.

The reader will easily perceive what resources remained for the poet in this visionary land of ideal forms. The general scenery of nature, considered as inanimate, only adorns the descriptive part of poetry; but being, according to the Celtic traditions, animated by a kind of Intelligences, the bard could better make use of them for his moral purposes. That awe of the immediate presence of the deity, which, among the rest of the vulgar, is confined to temples and altars, was here diffused over every object. They passed trembling through the woods, and over the mountain, and by the lakes, inhabited by these invisible powers; such apprehensions must, indeed,

Deepen the murmur of the falling floods,
And shed a browner horror on the woods;

—give fearful accents to every whisper of the animate or inanimate creation, and arm every shadow with terrors."

A FAIR COMPLIMENT.

FRANCIS DE HARLEY, Archbishop of Paris, under Louis XIV., was remarkably handsome, and affable in his manner.

When he was appointed to his diocese, with several duchesses who waited upon him in a body to congratulate him, was the Duchess of Mecklenburgh, who addressed him in the following words:—

"Though the weakest, we are the most zealous portion of your flock."

The Archbishop answered, "I regard you as the fairest portion of it."

The Duchess de Bouillon, who understood Latin, and was well read in Virgil, then repeated this line from that poet:—

Formosa pecoris custos formosior ipse.
Fair is the Flock, the Keeper fairer still.

* From Mr. Felton's "Imperfect Hints towards a new Edition of Shakspeare," 4to. 1784-7; a most delightful work, now excessively scarce.

A NIGHT IN WARDEN-LE-DALE.

O fading honours of the dead !
O high ambition lowly laid !—Scott.

"DEAR ME!" said Fanny Keymer, shuddering, as she closed the book over which she had been intently poring, "what an imagination the author had! One would think he had supped every night on raw pork, like Fuseli when he painted the nightmare, or, at least, had swallowed opium to quicken his fancy."

Her uncle smiled, and, quietly taking a pinch of snuff, leant back musingly in his great leather chair, and looking from one niece to the other with the air of a man who was engaged in solving some weighty problem, he nodded gravely.

"You are thoughtful, my good uncle," said Maria, stirring the fire into a bright blaze, "shall we read, to beguile the evening, or do you wish for music?"

"No," said the old gentleman: "I was comparing Fanny's remark just now, with my own experience; and reflecting, that without the assistance of raw pork or opium, an adventure of my own on one occasion wore an aspect nearly as appalling as the invention of an imaginative writer could suggest."

"Oh, tell us, dear uncle—do tell us," said the nieces, in a breath, "and let it be what will make us tremble as we creep to bed, and look over our shoulders at every step."

Mr. Keymer smiled; "I will give you the 'plain unvarnished tale.' Its effects upon yourselves depend on circumstances.—"

"When I was a young man, and that is now somewhere about eight and thirty years ago, I set off from my father's house of business in the city, upon what was not inappropriately considered a romantic expedition—namely, a pedestrian tour through some of the midland counties of England. I was young, ardent, enthusiastic, and eke adventurous; and the charms of exploring, noting, and sketching the poetic and pictorial scenery of a little-frequented district, sufficed to counterbalance every risk, and lighten every toil. Therefore, quitting the beaten track, which I conceived already trodden by every bagman and tourist, I struck off through lonely lanes and bridle paths, known only to the peasant, and equipped with a moderate sized knapsack, which was capacious enough to hold a day's provisions and a drinking-cup, which I filled at the mountain-burn, a pair of hob-nailed shoes, and a strong oak cudgel, I trudged merrily along.

"It was the close of an intensely sultry day, about the middle of September, and the sun was near his setting. I had rambled on for many hours without seeing a human being,—and though little mindful of the consequences, as at the worst, I could but rest under the canopy of heaven, with my knapsack for a pillow, I was too well convinced that I had

completely lost my way. I was footsore and weary, and I looked round in vain for the welcome prospect of a bed and board at a cottage, or a farm-house, the hospitalities of which I had good cause gratefully to appreciate. It was, indeed, the Ultima Thule of all that love the likeness of civilization—like the seaman, I should have hailed the sight of a gibbet with something like satisfaction if it assured me that this lonely track had been traversed by my fellow men. The air was oppressively hot, and a range of dark portentous-looking clouds on the verge of the craggy hills which surrounded the valley on all sides and were clothed here and there with tangled coppice, warned me of the expediency of pressing onwards. The wind, which had till now been wanting, rose suddenly and whirled the few early autumnal leaves into circling eddies with a mournful rustle, and then as suddenly died inaudibly away, leaving a silence that might almost be felt. The very birds had withdrawn prematurely to their roost, and I felt that I was indeed alone.

"At length, to my inexpressible relief, I discerned in the hollow of the valley a building through the trees, and I pressed forwards with all the energy of which my exhausted frame was capable. But I had little cause for satisfaction as I drew near it—for it was but a ruined chapel! However, such as it was, I might at least abide the coming storm, and cower beneath the walls, if they denied me further refuge. The burial-ground, in the centre of which it stood, was overhung by old gnarled oaks and elms—and a tall gaunt fir-tree here and there stretched its bare spectral-looking arms above its neighbours as if in defiance of the storm. A dark funeral yew stood in sombre grandeur at the eastern end of the building, and beneath it lay a low black marble tomb, mildewed and stained by its poisonous droppings. A few old iron railings still remained, but were so corroded by time that the very wind, as it swept by them, caused them to clank and rattle in their tenons. I observed that they were of wrought iron, and were twined at intervals with an heraldic knot, and surmounted by fleur-de-lis. Old sunk broken head-stones, whose inscriptions had been long illegible, rose here and there from the rank green beds of docks and nettles which had struggled through the tall white-bleached grass which formed a ghastly contrast.

"The chapel itself was in harmony with the external scene of desolation—the walls were time-worn, decayed, and mossy—the ivy had twined luxuriantly round the mullions of the windows, and the roof had fallen in, in massy fragments. The porch had sunk from the united effects of time and damp, and the dial-plate above it was cracked through and through, and the very gnomon had fallen down among the rubbish. The heavy iron-studded door was ajar—I pushed it open, and entered the chapel. The pavement was sunk

irregular, and moss-grown; and at every step I trod under foot some memorial of the dead. Broad stone steps, decayed and broken, led up to the high altar, which was flanked on either side by the remains of tombs, on which lay sculptured effigies which I surveyed with interest. That on the north side had been a warrior, and had died in the Holy Land, as was denoted by the distinctive emblems—but he had fallen upon the vanquished side. His vizor was raised, his hands were clasped upon his breast, his sword was in its scabbard, and his feet were resting upon a *dead* lion. His surcoat was wanting, and he was in the strong chain armour of the early chivalry. The whole was sadly mutilated, and it was with difficulty that I deciphered upon the labelled moulding of the freize:—*Præpe forte pe somle of Sprre Hugo de Fontibus : he dyed de A: CCC: XXX:*

"Upon the southern tomb lay the recumbent figure of a lady—broken, ghastly, and hideous; while the inscription told me only that "*ne Ladne Geraldine*" was there interred. Proud shields and gorgeous blazonry had once been theirs—now all was faded, wan, and unsightly. Among the fragments of rich stained glass which lingered in the ruined windows, I traced the heraldic knot and fleur-de-lis;—and from the frequent repetition of these badges on the many monumental slabs that lay along the pavement of the chapel, I was led to infer that it was the burial-place of what had been a family of high degree. A mouldering hatchment still clinging to its rusty cranks within the portion of an old but richly-carved and gilded screen, that had once parted the chancel from a southern chantry, told me by its sad emphatic marshalling, that 'the last of the family' had been long since laid beside his kindred in that lonely spot. I paced thoughtfully to and fro;—before, around, beneath, on every side, lay stretched the titled and the proud—the '*Fontibus*,' the '*Fontane*,' the '*Fountayne*,' and the more recent '*Fountain*,' with its modern orthography, all alike were there! The appearance of one broad slab, however, attracted my attention, from the probability of its having been but recently disturbed; and as I marked the freshly-scattered mould around its edges, and noticed the elevation of the ponderous stone which had not as yet settled down to the level of its fellows, I could not but speculate upon the name, the age, the sex, of the latest tenant in this region of mortality—this temple of the dead! My imagination once roused, was busy; and I soon peopled the deserted aisles with knight and page, and '*ladye faire*,' following the phantasmal pageant to the altar and the tomb, until reminded by the storm, which burst anon in awful grandeur, that I must seek a better shelter than that afforded by the almost roofless nave. The belfry appeared to me in far better preservation, and I thankfully availed myself of it; and, despite the accumulated horrors of

my situation, and my comfortless and forlorn condition, I seated myself on a broken tressel, and at last fell fast asleep!

"How long I had slumbered I know not, but I started suddenly from my uneasy rest on perceiving, upon half opening my eyes, a gleam of light in the body of the church. I rubbed my eyes mechanically, convinced I was still dreaming; but the light was there; and bewildered and uncertain how to act, I quietly raised myself enough to look through a loop-hole in the form of a quatrefoil, which was pierced in the belfry wall, and which had, probably, in days of old, permitted the sacristan and his assistants to join the adoration of the elements at the elevation of the Host, without quitting their peculiar duties in the belfry."

ROUGE CROIX.

(To be continued.)

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THE PROPYLON OF EDFON.

LATE in the evening the Propylon of Edfon appeared in sight. We determined to go on shore and visit it by moonlight; so at eleven we landed, started off for the temple, its immense demi-pyramids standing as a landmark. Passing through the village, where all was wrapt in the silence of sleep, we reached the low door, which gave access to the interior of the Propylon. We lighted our candles and ascended the stairway, which, connecting chamber with chamber, conducts to the extreme top.

Here we lighted our pipes, and sat to enjoy the scene; and what may be compared with such a scene! It was midnight; the moon was at her full, casting a flood of refulgent light over the extensive landscape, stretching from the near Lybian to the distant Arabian chain, intersected by the slow-moving and irregular Nile. There was fascination in the spectacle.

After remaining an hour or two and admiring the immensity of the blocks upon the very summits, more than one hundred feet from the soil, we descended and explored the interior of both portions of this edifice.

Over the granite portal which connects them are blocks that form the architrave, measuring thirty feet in length by six in width. Why may not the numerous and beautiful chambers of these interiors have been the habitations of the priests! or, to what purpose were they applied! They are of various dimensions; some extremely spacious, others quite narrow.

On the exterior of the Propylon are sculptured divinities of colossal proportions, being thirty feet in height. They all hold, in their right hands, rings, to which crosses are joined, the latter having the form of a T.

It is rather singular that, in the mythology of the ancient Egyptians, the cross is supposed to have been the emblem of future life.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

His Mind superior to Party.

MEN have done Sir James Mackintosh more justice than they ordinarily render to their brethren; for he is thought of, almost on all hands, not as a dreamer of dreams, a wanderer through a limbo of vanity, but as rich in all recorded knowledge, and an honest and eloquent teacher. This fame has been obtained, not by the size of his writings, but the loftiness of the ground on which they are placed, that pure and philosophical elevation from which even the smallest object will project its shadow over an empire: "and, though vigour and perseverance are necessary to attain that height, how much larger does it make the circle of vision, than when, standing among the paths of common men, our eyes are strained by gazing into the distance. It is not merely by the talent displayed in his works, brilliant and powerful as it is, nor by the quantity of his information, however various and profound, that he has obtained his present celebrity; but, in a great degree, by the tone of dignity and candour, which was so conspicuous a characteristic of his mind. He had less of the spirit of party than almost any *partisan* we remember.

Formation of his Opinions.

His greatest talent was in the power of acquiring knowledge from the thoughts of others. Of the politicians of his day, if not of all then living Englishmen, he was incomparably the most learned. His acquaintance with the history of the human mind, both in the study of its own laws, and in action, is greater than that of any other contemporary writer of his time, and his intimacy with the revolutions and progress of modern Europe, both in politics and literature, was, indeed, perfectly marvellous. He is also the more to be trusted in his writings on these points, because he never was exclusively wedded to any peculiar system, or even science. Many of the chroniclers of particular tracts in the wide empire of knowledge, seem to consider that their own department is the only important one, or even that their own view of it is incalculably and beyond dispute the most deserving of attention; their works thus resemble some oriental maps, in which the Indian Ocean is a creek of the Persian Gulf; and Europe, Asia, and Africa, are paltry appendages to Arabia. Sir James Mackintosh is, in a great degree, free from this error. He knows whatever has been produced in other men by the strong and restless workings of the principles of their nature. But he seems himself to have felt but little of such prompting. The original sincerity and goodness of his mind, display themselves unconsciously in much of his writing; but they do not appear to have given him that

earnest impulsions, which would have made him an apostle of truth and a reformer of mankind. He is in all things a follower of some previously recognised opinions; because he has neither the boldness which would carry him beyond the limits consecrated by habit, nor the feeling of a moral want unsatisfied, which would have urged him thus to take a wider range.

Grotesqueness of his Views resultant from the above Cause.

But having an acute intellectual vision, and a wish to arrive at conviction, he has chosen the best of what was before him *within* the region of precedent and authority. He has plucked the fairest produce of the domain of our ancestors from the trees that they planted, and which had been cultivated till then in their accustomed methods. But he has not leaped the boundaries, and gone forth to search for nobler plants and richer fruits, nor has he dared to touch even the tree of knowledge which flourishes within the garden. He has looked for truth among the speculations of a thousand minds, and he has found but little in its outward forms. He has abstracted something here, and added something there; he has classed opinions and brought them into comparison, and picked out this from one, and joined on that to another; now wavered to the right, now faltered to the left; and scarce rejecting or believing anything strongly, has become learned with unprofitable learning, and filled his mind with elaborate and costly furniture, which chokes up its passages and darkens its windows. He has slain a hundred systems, and united their lifeless limbs into a single figure. But the vital spirit is not his to give. It is not the living hand of Plato or Bacon which points out to him the sanctuary; but the monuments and dead statues of philosophers that block up the entrance to the Temple Wisdom. His mind is made up of the shreds and parings of other thinkers. The body of his philosophic garment is half taken from the gown of Locke, and half from the cassock of Butler; the sleeves are torn from the robe of Leibnitz, and the cape is of the ermine of Shaftesbury; and wearing the cowl of Aquinas, and shod in the sandals of Aristotle, he comes out before the world with the trumpet of Cicero at his lips, the club of Hobbes in one hand, and the mace of Bacon in the other.

Arduous of Feeling necessary to an Author.

Having thus formed his opinions from books, without having nourished any predominant feeling or belief in his own mind,—his creed is far too much a matter of subtleties and nicely-balanced system. It is all arranged, and polished, and prepared against objection, and carefully compacted together like a delicate Mosaic; but it is not a portion of the living substance of his mind. It is easy to perceive, to learn, to talk about, a principle, and the man of the highest talent will do this best. But to know it, it must be felt. And

* If we remember right, it is said, that, from one of the Swiss mountains, the traveller may see his own shadow thrown at sunrise to a distance of many leagues.

here the man of talent is often at fault; while some one without instruction, or even intellectual power, may not only apprehend the truth, as if by intuition rather than by thought, but embrace and cherish it in his inmost heart, and make it the spring of his whole being. Sir James Mackintosh has, unfortunately, buried the seeds of this kind of wisdom under heaps of learned research and difficult casuistry. He has given no way to the free expansion of his nature, nor rendered himself up to be the minister and organ of good: which will needs speak boldly, wherever there are lips willing to interpret it. This, perhaps, is not seen clearly by the world. But the want is felt; and the most disciplined metaphysician, be the strength and width of his comprehension what it may, will inevitably find, that men can reap no comfort nor hope in doubts and speculations, however ingenious, or however brilliant, unless they hear a diviner power breathing in the voices of their teachers. The understanding can speak only to the understanding. The memory can enrich only the memory. But there is that within us, of which both understanding and memory are instruments; and he who addresses it can alone be certain that his words will thrill through all the borders of the world, and utter consolation to all his kind.

His "Vindicia Gallicæ."

Sir James Mackintosh seems to have spent much of his time in storing up information for the "moth and rust to corrupt." He had none of that eager earnestness of mind, which would have made him impatient of seeing the great and mingling currents of human life flow past him, without himself plunging into the stream. His "*Vindicia Gallicæ*" is indeed a talented book; there is in it a completeness and vigour of reasoning, and a fullness and almost eloquence of style, which justly brought on him distinction. But there is, perhaps, in that very nearness to excellence, an evidence that there could be no closer approach. A child of three feet high, and of the exact proportions of a man, is a miracle in boyhood; but he will never grow, and the man will be a dwarf. The mind, exhibited in the work in question, is not in the immaturity of greatness, but second-rate power in its highest development. There are in it none of the eager rushings to a truth, which is yet beyond our reach,—none of those unsuccessful graspings at wide principles and abortive exertions to make manifest those ideas, of which, as yet, we only feel the first stirrings,—none of those defeated attempts, the best warrant of future success, which we find in the earlier works of master intellects.

Sir James Mackintosh seems to us, in short, to have been distinguished chiefly by readiness in accumulating the thoughts of others, by subtlety in discerning differences, and by the greatest power of expression which can exist without anything of poetic imagination.

GREAT SPIRITS SUPERIOR TO TROUBLE.

HANDEL did not begin the career, by which he is chiefly remembered, till he had reached the mature age of forty-eight—till after he had, for many years, been exposed to the "pitiless pelting storm" of cabal and vicissitude, raging behind the curtain of a theatre, enough, one would think, to harass all the poetry and composure of spirit out of one even of robust nerve than was he.

So, too, Milton, who, it might be supposed, could hardly have been fit for much "altar-service" after a middle age of Domestic troubles and strivings in the thorny lists of controversy, never girt himself so gloriously with his "singing robes," as when the season of youth and impulse was long past, and he was left old, and blind, and afflicted.

The genius that is early exhausted by use, or fretted out in the struggle with life, thereby proves itself to be fantastic and evanescent—of the second order; whereas, it is a test of such nobler spirits as are to live for ever in their works, that every passing year and additional care only adds to their wisdom, and calmness, and patience; and thus qualifies them to work out, worthily and dispassionately, those lofty ideas, which have replaced the more fitful and glowing fancies of their earlier days.

THE WANDERING JEW.

It is singular that, of all the numerous writers that have undertaken the history of the Wandering Jew, or Undying One, each has adopted a tone of exaggerated seriousness. The idea of eternally remaining on earth, and witnessing the disappearance of successive generations, may be a painful one, and the subject of such a miracle might, perhaps, be a miserable person. The condition would, nevertheless, have its charms; and we are surprised that no writer has ever contemplated the advantages of the position. Exemption from all fear of death might lead to great deeds, if it were not counteracted by a want of sympathy, which an undying one would feel with frailer beings; it would certainly lead to great enjoyments, and an immortal person would be endowed with a gift that would place all the world at his feet.

If he were inclined, for instance, to cheat, he might break all the annuity shops; and, being by birth a Jew, it is natural to suppose he would take in a great many with his *post obit* bonds. Such a man might never fear punishment by hanging; and, consequently, might execute any deed he pleased, and instead of being executed himself, he would become the universal executor.

The usefulness of such a person would be extraordinary. He would be a sort of messenger to posterity—we might say, "Sir, I will thank you to inform the thirty-first century, that a great man of my name lived in this."

THE KING OF THULE.

[A Correspondent, under the signature of *Faust*, sends us an original Ballad by Goethe, "Der König in Thule," accompanied by his own translation:—]

Der König in Thule.

Es war ein König in Thule,
 Gar treu bis an das Grab,
 Dem sterbend seine Buhle
 Einen goldenen Becher gab.

Es ging ihm nichts darüber,
 Er leert ihn jeden Schmaus;
 Die Augen gingen ihm über,
 So oft er trank daraus.

Und als er kam zu sterben,
 Zählt' er seine Städte im Reich,
 Gönnt' Alles seinen Erben,
 Den Becher nicht zugleich.

Er saß beim Königsmahle,
 Die Ritter um ihn her,
 Auf hohem Bäter-Saale,
 Dort auf dem Schloß am Meer.

Dort stand der alte Becher,
 Trank letzte Lebensgluth,
 Und warf den heiligen Becher
 Hinunter in die Fluth.

Er sah ihn stürzen, trinken
 Und sinken tief in's Meer,
 Die Augen thaten ihm sinken,
 Trank nie einen Tropfen mehr.

THE KING OF THULE.

There was a King of Thule
 True to the very grave,
 To whom his dying mistress
 A golden goblet gave.

Nothing loved he better!
 Each feast he drain'd it out;
 His eyes with tears o'erflowing,
 Whene'er he drank thereout.

His estates he counted o'er,
 And when his end drew near,
 Gave them all unto his Heir;—
 Not so the goblet dear.

At the royal feast he sat,
 His knights around him all,
 In yon sea-girted castle,—
 His high ancestral Hall.

There the Royal Toper stood,
 There swallow'd life's last glow,—
 Then threw the precious goblet
 Down the gulfy flood below.

He saw it headlong fall—
 Saw it in the deep sea sink;
 Then softly closed his eyes,
 Never more red wine to drink.

THE FOUR COCHIN-CHINESE,
 AT PARIS.

SAILING from China, Captain Pougallet, commander of the French ship *Alexandria*, has brought with him on board, four Cochin-China men, who come to offer to the French government, the expression of the sympathies of their nation, and to visit their dock-yards and arsenals.

It was on his return from the Druidic grotto of Gaverni, that the people, hearing of his arrival, wished to satisfy their curiosity in seeing the *Alexandria* and her passengers. Pleased with the captain, the people of the place presented him with four Cochin-Chinese. One of them speaks English fluently, and it was in this language, and between the smoking of cigars and champagne, that the conversation was established.

Two of these Cochin-Chinese, one aged forty, and the other forty-five, are mandarins. The two others, aged only twenty, and twenty-two, belong to distinguished families of Cochin-

China. They are very remarkable for the brilliancy of their glance, their bronzed complexion, and their oily skin. Their hair is trimmed like the generality of Chinese, with a long tail proceeding from the middle of the head. Their moustaches descend very low, and they blacken their teeth with essence of citron. They wear on their heads a black cap; their robe of blue silk flows down to the ground, on which are embroidered figures of birds. This blue robe is the distinctive sign of mandarins of the second class. The first class wear green; the king alone has the right of wearing yellow. That of the people is generally black or brown.

On arriving at Paris, they took up their residence at the Hotel des Princes. One of them, Ouyan-Touan, is a mandarin of the first class. They dine at the table d'hôte of the hotel, and help themselves without much difficulty, with a knife and fork. Their admiration was sensibly exalted at the funeral ceremonies of the Emperor Napoleon.—*Courrier de l'Europe*.

FABLES FROM LESSING.

THE WARLIKE WOLF.—"My father, of glorious memory," said a young wolf to a fox, "was a true hero! His name was feared everywhere. He destroyed more than two hundred enemies, and sent their souls to Orcus; no wonder, then, that he was finally overthrown!"—"That is the way they talk in funeral orations," replied the fox; "but a matter-of-fact historian would add, that the two hundred enemies destroyed were sheep and asses, and the one that overthrew him, was the very first bull he ventured to attack."

THE HIND AND THE FOX.—The hind said to the fox—"Alas for us, weak, helpless beasts; the lion has made a league with the wolf!"—"With the wolf! that is no such terrible matter," was the reply. "One roars and the other howls, so we will generally have warning in time. But let us hope the strong lion will never unite with the cunning weasel. When they are together it is all over with us!"

THE FOX AND THE TIGER.—"I really envy thee thy swiftness and strength," said the fox to the tiger. "Is there nothing else about me that you desire?" asked the latter. "Why no—nothing that I know of."—"Would not you like my gay skin? It is as parti-coloured as thy mind, and the outside would then be in keeping with the inside."—"That is the very reason," said the fox, "why I don't want it.—I must seem not to be what I am. Would the gods would change my hair into feathers!"

THE BOY AND THE SERPENT.—A boy was playing with a tame snake. "I would not be so familiar with you, if you had not had your fangs taken out," said the boy. "You snakes are the wickedest, and most ungrateful of all creatures. I read once how a poor countryman picked up one of your race, which he found half frozen under a hedge, and put it in his bosom; and how, as soon as it got warm, it bit its benefactor, and the poor man died."—"I am astonished to hear you say so," rejoined the serpent; "how partial and prejudiced your author must be! Our writers tell the story very differently. That benevolent man supposed the snake was really frozen to death, and, as it was one of the parti-coloured kind, he put it in his breast, to take off its gay skin when he got home. Was that right?"—"Oh, be still!" cried the boy; "the ungrateful never want excuses."—"True, my son," remarked his father; but whenever you hear of any extraordinary want of gratitude, look well at the facts. True benefactors were never repaid with unthankfulness."

THE BRAZEN STATUE. A brazen statue, the work of a famous sculptor, was melted by a great fire, so that nothing but a heap of metal was left. Another artist took this mass, and made from it a new statue, of the same subject, but far superior to the first in beauty. Envy saw it, and gnashed her teeth, but soon found some consolation. "The fellow could

never have done anything half so good, if he had not had the old materials to work upon."

THE OX AND THE STAG.—A heavy ox and a fleet stag were once grazing in the same meadow. The ox said, "Friend stag, if the lion should attack us let us join our forces, and we can easily beat him off."—"Excuse me," answered the stag, "that might answer your purpose, but why should I try to fight against a lion, when I am sure that I can conquer him by running!"

THE DYING WOLF.—The wolf lay at his last gasp, and cast back his glances to his past life. "I am a sinner, it is true," he said, "but I hope not one of the worst ones. I have done a great deal of mischief, but I trust some good too. Once I remember very well a bleating lamb, that had strayed from the flock, came so near me that I might easily have seized it, but I did not harm it. About the same time, too, I bore the taunts and revilings of a sheep with the most Christian equanimity, though there were no dogs near to protect it."—"Yes, I can bear witness to all that," remarked the fox, who was attending him. "I recollect all the circumstances: it happened just at the time that you broke both your fore-legs, when the crane helped you out of the marsh you lay buried in."

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE PEACOCK.—A nightingale, of a sociable turn, sought in vain for a friend among all the singing birds. Perhaps I shall find one elsewhere, thought she, and fluttered down to pay a visit to the peacock. "Beautiful bird, I cannot but admire thee!"—"And I always admired thee, sweet songster!"—"Let us be friends, then," said the nightingale; "for you court the eye and I the ear." Pope and Kneller were better friends than Pope and Addison.

THE BULL AND THE CALF.—A strong bull shattered the door-post of his stable with his horns. "Look there, herdsman," cried a calf, "I never did such mischief."—"I only wish you could," was the answer. The language of the calf is that of our petty philosophers. "That wretched Bayle," they say, "how much mischief he has done with his doubts!" Happy it would be if other writers had the tithe of his power!

HERCULES.—When Hercules was received into heaven, he paid his greetings to Juno, before any other of the deities. All were astonished, and asked him, "Why dost thou pay such distinction to thine enemy?"—"Because it was persecution that gave me an opportunity to do the great actions by which I earned my place in heaven."

THE LAMB'S PROTECTORS.—A shaggy wolf-dog was set to watch a lamb. Another dog, also near a wolf in shape and colour, saw him, and fell upon him at once. "Wolf, wolf, what are you doing with this lamb!" cried he. "Wolf yourself: be off, or you'll find out to your sorrow," was the answer. The one tried to carry off the lamb, the other to keep it by force, and between the two it was torn to pieces.

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Public Journals.

Quarterly Review. No. CXXXIII.

[BEFORE the world was three hundred and eighty years so old as now, Juliana Berners was prioress of Sopewell. Often as the gold of the summer-morn broke, and illumed the streams in the vicinage of the priory, Juliana, with her bevy of saintly maids, might have been seen disporting for fish on the river-marge—elegant forms in mantles of blue satinity, and fair with snow-white plumes. And such was their success in the diversion, that, before the “shivering lustrous” of Vesper were extinct, their creels were often full of sweet river-food for their prandial repast.

Pious Juliana also loved angling the more, because it the more made her love her Maker; the beauty of his divine works sank like music into her soul, and while her hands angled, her soul, by meditation, was evangelized and improved.]

DAME JULIANA BERNERS, THE LADY-ANGLER.

Tradition gives the following origin to the nunnery of Sopewell, which was under the rule—we are sure it was gentle—of the sporting prioress, and which was situated at a small distance to the south-west of St. Albans. Two women, whose names have been long forgotten, came to Egwood, and there, by the river-side, they put together a rude kind of hermitage. In this humble abode, formed of branches of trees, and covered with bark and leaves, they dwelt, until the flame of their abstinent, chaste, charitable, and religious lives reached the ears of Jeffery, the sixteenth Abbot of St. Albans. Touched with their self-denial, their piety, and their active virtues, the good abbot, about the year 1140, built a cell for them, causing them to be clothed like nuns, and to live according to Benedictine rule. Nor did he stop here, for he granted them lands and rents. To be sure he did not pay any very great compliment to the “uneasy virtue” of the inmates of this cell; for, on the ground of preserving their fame from the attacks of scandal, he ordered that they should be always locked up in their house, and that their number should not exceed thirteen, “all select virgins.” He also gave them permission to bury there; but only for themselves, not for strangers, his liberality not going the length of a grant, which would probably enrich their shrine at the expense of his own. The number of the saintly sisters had dwindled to nine at the dissolution, and the yearly value of the house was then estimated by Dugdale at 40*l.* 7*s.* 10*d.*; though Speed makes it 68*l.* 8*s.*

Dame Juliana (a sister, it is supposed, of Richard Lord Berners of Essex) appears to have become prioress about 1460, and the first edition (folio) of her book, commonly known as the *Boke of St. Albans*, printed at that place in 1486—(with Caxton's letter probably)—contained the treatises on hawking, hunt-

ing, and coat-armour. The republication, in 1496, including, in addition, the treatise on fishing, was printed by Wynken de Worde at Westminster.

Dainty amusement, indeed, was angling, for the prioress and her bevy of “maids of heaven.” From this noble and learned lady's book—from her pious original—occasional leaves, with small variations, are to be seen in almost every book of angling from Barker and Walton downwards. Her style may be judged of by the following passages, in the first of which she thus improves the occasion:—

Ye shall not use this forsayd crafty dysporte for no covetyse, to the ruerseyng and spyryng of your money only; but principally for your solace, and to cause the helthe of your body, and specially of your soule; for whanne ye purposen to goo on your dysportes in fysshyng, ye wold not desyre gretly many persons whyche myghte lette you of your game. And thence ye may serve God, devoutly, in saying affectionally your custumable prayer, and, thus doyng, ye shall esc.ewe and voyde many vices.

But we cannot speak very highly of this holy dame's taste in culinary affairs; she was evidently no *cordon bleu*. She appears to have thought highly of the worst fish for the table, in our opinion, extant.

The barbyll is a swete fyssh; but it is a queyly meete, and perkyllous to manys body. For, comynly, he gyveth an introduction to the febre; and yf he be eaten rawe—(he. r it not Comus!)—he maye be cause of manys dethe, whyche hath oft be seen.

That raw barbel *ought* to cause the death of any civilized, unfeathered, two-legged animal, all cooks will allow; that such an event should have been frequent can only be accounted for by that delightful state of unsophisticated nature which prevailed in the fifteenth century. What would the Hon. Robert Boyle, who speaks with abhorrence of eating raw oysters, have said to this? Certainly he who swallowed the first oyster *was* a bold man; but he was well rewarded for his bravery in discussing the sapid mollusk not only unwashed and undressed, but also unshaven.

For some time Dame Juliana's book seems to have been all-sufficient for our ancestors; nor does there appear to have been any publication of note till 1651, when “The Art of Angling, wherein are discovered many rare secrets, written by Thomas Barker, an ancient practitioner in the said art,” made its appearance in the shop of Oliver Fletcher, “near the Seven Stars, at the west end of St. Paul's.” Odd as its contents were, it was, nevertheless, a most instructive book.

Barker was, moreover, a cook of no mean quality;—*e. g.*

“I have been admitted into the most ambassadors' kitchen that have come into England this forty years, and do wait on them still at the lord protector's charge, and I am paid only for it: *sometimes I see slovenly scullions abuse good fish most grossly.*” The variety of his receipts and the lyrical in *medias res* style in which he often commences them, as if he were actually in the kitchen, is amusing:—“We must have a trout-pic hot,

and another cold." "There is one good trout of a good length, eighteen or twenty inches, we will have *that* roasted," &c., &c. His directions for boiling and calving trout contain the whole secret of the art of boiling fish. Having directed the operator to make the "liquor boyle with a fierce fire made of wood," he finishes by saying, "first put in one trout; let him blow up the fire till the water boyle, then put in another; so do untill all are in and boyled." Sir Humphrey Davy got some credit for his directions in *re* Salmon. "Carry him to the pot, and before you put in a salue, let the water and salt boil furiously, and give time to recover its heat before you throw in another; and so proceed with the whole fish." *Pereant qui, &c.*

The halo thrown over the *Contemplatives Man's Recreation* by Walton, and the good men whom he enumerated as brothers of the angle, invested the art with new interest. It is sufficient to name Walton. Who does not know his charming pastoral by heart!

After Walton, treatises soon began to multiply; among the most mentionable are Venables, John Williamson, Brooks, Bowlker, Best, and Kirby, in the last century; and, in this, Taylor, Captain Williamson, Salter, Carroll, Bambridge's *Fly-fisher's Guide*, Davy's delightful *Salmonia*, and Stoddart.

Want of space prevents us to go farther—not even to dwell on the charms of small trout fried with crisped parsley, so delicately as not to soil the white damask on which they are presented. But here is an *envoy* from Dame Juliana:—

The angler attie the leest hath his holson walke, and mery at his ease, a swete air of the swete savoure of the meede floures, that makyth him hungry; he hereth the melodious armuny of fowles, wyth their brodes; whyche me seemeth better thanne all the noysy of houndys, the blasies of hornys, and the scrye of foulis, that hunters, fawkeners, and foulers can make. And if the angler take fysshie, surely thenne is noo man merier than he is in his spyryte.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE. NO. CXXXIII.
January, 1841.

["THE Stars of Pall Mall," here continued, are both planetary and cometary; that is to say, some abiding in a fixed sphere, pass through life with a steady light; the others move many times in eccentric orbits, being odd and vagabund in their way. Gilray, Gay, and Kneller muster under the last.

But most suavely—yes, sweetliest of all—Star of love, beauty, and devotion—glitters NELL GWYNNE in these Fraserian chapters; her impudent sweet face seems to smile on us from the page, and her hilarious little laugh to trill out in every letter. "Clothed in scarlet and other delights," the court of the second Charles had, indeed, a galaxy of beauties, but *Rosa-munda*, you know, is not always *Rosa-munda*.

Some of these "Stars" must now be reflected in our glass:—]

PORTRAITS OF KING CHARLES II.

Charles the Second, and his royal brother, the Duke of York, though the sons of the most personable king and queen in Europe, were neither of them likened to Paris or Adonis, being, what they knew and candidly admitted, hard-favoured men.

Charles, who, in his merry mood, used to "take personal liberties" with himself, frequently observed, "I know not which I favour most, my grandfather or grandmother; neither of whom, God knows, were reputed beauties!"

When Riley took the likeness of the king, which was done for one of the city companies, as a whole-length portrait in royal robes, his majesty, in respect for the painter, who, it seems, had requested that it might not be viewed until completed, restrained his curiosity until he obtained the painter's consent to look at it, he demanded of the painter whether he himself considered he had obtained a faithful likeness, and being answered, "Yes, your majesty, very like indeed!" "Humph," ejaculated the sovereign, and, viewing himself in the painter's glass, he cried, "odds fish! then I must be a very ugly fellow."

He once said to Captain Crofts, a very handsome young man, "If I were as good looking a fellow as you, Crofts, I should be somewhat 'better-treated' in my amours."

There are several portraits of this good-humoured king in the palaces, taken whilst he was a boy; one of which was reckoned, according to the tradition of the old court, to be extremely like. On glancing his eye upon this picture suddenly one day, he stopped, and, looking upon it for some time with particular attention, he observed, "For certain I was a sad, cadaverous-looking urchin, and that is the fact."

That said to be the most like, and certainly the best-looking physiognomy, is introduced on the *plafond*, painted by Signor Verrio, being a portrait of his majesty, by the more skillful hand of Kneller.

This painter had the felicity to enjoy a large share of the esteem of his sovereign, who frequently sat to him for his portrait, and at his own house, then situate in Covent Garden; an honour which the painter duly appreciated, for his majesty was never known to enter the studio of any other artist.

Though familiarly known to succeeding ages as the "merry monarch," King Charles was yet subject to severe fits of melancholy, particularly after experiencing some new insult from Castlemaine. In such doleful cases, he would drive off to Kneller's, and remain quietly closeted with him for two or three hours, until the original dry humour, *bonhomme*, and his rich vein of naïveté, operated upon him (to use his own phrase), as was wont the harp of David upon Saul, and expelled the evil spirit from his royal bosom.

* Kneller subsequently removed to Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury.

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THE ROOKERY—ERASMUS—THE ALCHEMISTS.

On the site of old Carlton-house, in the reign of Henry the Sixth, stood a large, Gothic building, one story high, and above, a row of dormer windows; this place was called the Rookery, and belonged to the monks of Westminster monastery.

It was subsequently used as an inn. Within the remains of this ancient place resided Erasmus, by favour of Henry VIII., and at the recommendation of his queen Anne Bullen, who, it appears, had a great respect for that celebrated scholar, and visited him there. Hans Holbein, the king's limner, painted Erasmus for this queen.

Physiognomists observe in the visage of Erasmus the strongest indications of good sense, wit, and benignity. Henry VIII., at one time, held him in high esteem.

The rare talents of Erasmus burst forth "when learning was emerging out of barbarism." He was one of the first to attack superstitions which he had not the courage to relinquish. His cupboard, to the honour of the age, was entirely filled with plate presented to him in homage of his talent, some of which was given by the king himself, and some by his unfortunate queen. He frequently visited the palace at St. James's, in company with his friend and patron, Sir Thomas More.

The cupboard of plate, however, excited the suspicion of some and the envy of others, for, although presented to him as offerings to his great merit and private worth, it was alleged against him that they were proofs of his devotion to the good things of this world, and served to supply the independent spirit of Luther with abundant subject for invective.

The mild Erasmus has said, "We must carry ourselves according to the times, and hang the cloak according to the wind;" sentiments, however meant, not likely to square with the straightforward temper of the great apostle of Protestantism.

In the reign of Henry VIII., the Rookery made one of a group of small monkish buildings, at the east end of Pall Mall, which were swept away with the besom of the Reformation; and there is a tradition that, at its demolition, in a corner of an inner apartment, the remains of a smithy were found, and the timber roof was thickly incrustated with bituminous smoke. This smithy, or forgo, as was then supposed, had been erected in the reign of Henry VI., by his royal order; for this price was so reduced by his extravagance, that he attempted to recruit his empty coffers by alchemy. "The record of this singular proposition," says Andrews, "contains the most solemn and serious asseverations of the feasibility and virtue of the philosopher's stone—encouraging the search after it, and dispensing with all statutes and other prohibitions to the contrary."

This record was very probably communicated (says an ingenious antiquary) by the

great Selden to his beloved friend Ben Jonson, when he was writing his comedy of the *Alchemist*.

After this patent was made public, many visionary speculators so confidently promised to answer the weak king's expectations, that the next year he published another patent, wherein he assures his subjects that the happy hour was drawing nigh, and, by means of THE STONE, which he should be master of anon, he would liquidate all the debts of the nation, in real gold and silver. The persons nominated for this wondrous operation, were:—Thomas Hervey, of Austin-friars; Robert Glasley, a preaching friar; William Atclyffe, the queen's physician; Henry Sharpe, Master of the Lawrence Pontigny College, in London; John Fyld, fishmonger; John Yonghe, grocer; Robert Gaylor, grocer; John Sturgeon and John Lambert, mercers of London.

ORIGIN OF THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

At Schomberg-house was first concocted the dramatic scheme of the *Beggar's Opera*. It was originally proposed to Swift to be named the *Newgate Opera*, as the first thought of writing such a gross and immoral drama originated with him.

Swift, also, who was an ardent admirer of the poetic talents of Gay, delighted to quote his Devonshire pastorals, they being very characteristic of low rustic life, and congenial to his taste, for the pen of the dean revelled in vulgarity.

Under the influence of such notions, he proposed to Gay to bestow his thoughts upon the subject, which he felt assured would turn to good account, namely, that of writing a work to be entitled, *A Newgate Pastoral*; adding, "and I will, *sub rosa*, afford you my best assistance." This scheme was talked over at Queensbury-house, and Gay commenced it, but it was soon dropped with something of disgust. It was ultimately determined that he should commence upon the *Beggar's Opera*.

This scheme was approved, and written forthwith, under the auspices of the duchess, and performed at the theatre at Lincoln's Inn Fields, under the immediate influence of her grace; who, to induce the manager, Rich, to bring it upon his stage, agreed to indemnify him all the expenses he might incur, provided that the *daring* speculation should fail.

The offer had first been proposed to Fleetwood and his partners, at Drury Lane Theatre; but it was at once rejected by them, as a piece that would not be tolerated by a public audience; indeed, they stoutly refused it a rehearsal.

The success of the *Beggar's Opera* mainly depended upon two points—the hatred of one party against the Italian Opera, and the hatred of another party against the court. The ridicule of sing-song, united with operatical acting, was complete, and the satire levelled in the original against the king, the queen,

and the court, by Gay, who was a disappointed courtier, was too bitter, too witty, not to be felt; it was received with applause.

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January, 1841.

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A passport I must have; and, as it did not suit my views to pay for a passport at the Foreign Office, I went off to the office of the French Embassy in Poland-street, indicated

Comment se porte votre mère ?

Quel chapeau épouvantable !

C'est très bien, Monsieur Ferguson; mais c'est ne pas possible que vous puissiez rester ici !

Vous voilà sans un œil !

Sacre bleu !

Qui l'a volé l'âne ?

Common sea port vote mare ?

Kel ehapo poof on tabbell !

Se tray byeang, Mushoeu Far-goong; may say nay jow puaee bell kay voo poovey restey see !

Voo sevoila sans œu ale !

Sakker blue !

Kee la voley l'ann ?

How's your mother ?

What a shocking bad hat !

It's all very well, Mr. Ferguson; but you don't lodge here !

There you go with you're out !

Flare up !

Who stole the donkey ?

The "Guide," although rather out of date, I thought would do very well for me. How admirably well Paris looks upon paper ! No wonder the Mugginses are in raptures ! Bless us ! the Louvre—very fine ; the Pantheon, not quite St. Paul's ; Notre Dame, very fine too, but not *exactly* Westminster Abbey ; the Tuileries—queer sloping roofs—rum concern, certainly ; and the Triumphal Arch—all very high, and mighty, and great, to be seen for the small charge, as the puppet-showman says, of twenty-one shillings sterling.

Then the caf's, and the restaurateurs, and bills of fare—such a bill of fare ! Why, 'tis a dinner to look upon ! *Diner à la carte*; or, if you don't like that, soup, fish, *quatre plats à choix*; dessert, a pint of wine, and bread à *discretion*. Think of that, ye poor wretches, who put up with the ghost of a penny roll !—think of bread à *discretion* !

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(Signed)

"A. DE BACOMT,
Chargé des Affaires."

"Very polite, upon my word ! 'In the name of the king !'—that is something. And then to be received and protected by all prefects, mayors, commandants of garrisons !"

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The fact is, thought I, Monsieur Auguste de Bacomt, Chargé des Affaires, was struck with my appearance when he gave me so flattering a letter to the Gallic functionaries. And faith, now that I look at myself in that three-hundred-guinea glass, I think myself not quite the ugliest fellow on the shady side of Rosemary-lane. Ah! Philadelphia Muggins, Philadelphia Muggins; the time *may* come when—But what the devil's this! Here's something I didn't see before, as the exciseman said when he found the contraband tobacco. Something like an order for groceries in the margin of my passport, headed "DESCRIPTION."

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foreignneering chaps! All slaves, every man jack of them, frog eaters, fellows that wear wooden shoes!"

French Cookery.

"But the variety of French dishes is extraordinary. I happened to fall in with a Parisian bill of fare—"

"I beg pardon for interrupting you," observed Tom, "but that variety of which you speak is produced curiously enough. I happened to take up my quarters once upon a time at the Café de l'Orangerie, and I know the trick. There the bill of fare exhibits a catalogue of three hundred dishes; but, in truth, there are never more in the house than three. For instance, there appear on the 'carte' a hundred different *entrées* of veal, another hundred of beef, and a third hundred of mutton. A piece of each of these meats is kept simmering in a stew-pan, and a copper of universal gravy with a few handfuls of sliced vegetables, are always at hand. You order, for example, '*gigot mouton avec sauce piquante*,'—that sounds well, and probably you may think it will eat as well as it sounds; a scrap of meat is immediately cut from the shapeless junk in the stew-pan, is then well-slopped with universal gravy, and a dash of the vinegar-cruet supplies the '*sauce piquante*.' If, haply, you prefer '*boeuf à la sauce Tomate*,' or '*à la Jardinière*,' it is all the same: a little red-lead or brick-dust colours the universal gravy for the former, and a pinch of dried sage gives a refreshing verdure to the latter. Veal is treated in a manner precisely similar: whether you order '*veau à l'oseille*,' or any of the other ninety-nine variations that are played upon the subject in the stew-pan, it is all the same,—the sorrel, spinach—anything green will do—is plastered over the bit of meat, and served up to order. 'Tis the universal gravy that does it."

A COFFEE-HOUSE DINNER.

Oh, what a sum of suffering is represented in the term! Who has forgotten the slice of watery cod, apparently boiled in the weeds which serve for garniture; with a large boat of bookbinder's paste, in which crude oysters were stuck! For condiment, soy with flies in it, or anchovy, which will not pour; and cayenne, whose heat has paled, while the grains have consolidated. Two or three long kidney potatoes à l'eau, and thoroughly saturated with the simple element in which they were boiled. To follow, according to custom, the slice of a cow's hide, by courtesy styled a steak, tough and black, but set off with lumps of yellow fat, the sight whereof would distress an Esquimaux. Add to this a substance resembling mixed lamp-black and grease for gravy. After the struggle with the steak, if the guest had a tooth left in his head, he,

perhaps, was mad enough to order a tart; which was composed of the third of an apple cut into slices, keeping shape perfectly, and defying the operation of baking, by a vigorous constitutional crudity—covered with a pale dry crust, ready to part from the dish at the slightest instance, as weary of the stale connexion. Next, a cheese, more biting than bitten, which had felt warmth, and whose coatings were beautifully glazed, and delicately powdered with dust. To these delicacies, add the menstruum of a pint of a hot and distasteful compound, drunk only because it was put in a decanter and to be paid for; and, lastly, that enormity of enormities, **THE BILL** :—

Cod and oyster sauce	3	6
Rump-steak and ditto	3	6
Potatoes	1	0
Bread and beer	1	0
Tart	1	6
Pint of Old Port	3	6

14 0

To which, if the party thought the avoidance of insult worth sixpence, was to be added,
Waiter

1 6

And such is a Coffee-house Dinner!

The Gatherer.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S CHURCH, NEAR THE
ROYAL EXCHANGE.

ON Monday last, the 4th inst., the remains of the above memorable church were sold by auction, preparatory to its being taken down. Little more than the bare walls was left for the auctioneer (Mr. Toplis) to dispose of—the pews, the flooring, and the organ, having been previously removed: the vestry-room, part of the old church, is to remain, and to form part of the intended Sun Fire-office. The building was visited by vast numbers of people on the day of sale.

Without frost and snow, that form the ice of the great holy-day cake, Christmas festivities would be incomplete.

Curran and the Sunbeam.—In one of Curran's most celebrated speeches, he was struggling for an illustration of his client's innocence. "It was clear as—as—(at this moment the sun shone into the court) clear as yonder sunbeam that now bursts upon us with its splendid coruscations."

Gothic Architecture.—The periods of the different modifications of this style of building may be thus settled and exemplified—*Absolute Gothic*, unmixed with the Saxon manner, about 1390, see Winchester Cathedral. *Ornamental Gothic*, 1441, see King's Col. Cambridge. *Florid Gothic*, 1480, see St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and Henry VIIIth's, Westminster-abbey.

Sir Philip B. Vere Broke, the hero of *The Shannon*, died on the 3d inst., at Broke-hall, Suffolk.

Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper."—The extreme simpleness of the scene is in singular unison with the primitive, yet august,

nature of the subject. A table, thinly spread out, where the guests are as few and economically arranged as the viands, bespeak the humbleness and solemn quiet, and all-observed order of the banquet, till disturbed by the terrible announcement.

Mendelssohn's Paul.—Simplicity is the pervading feature of this oratorio; it is the pure musical Doric, with never the intrusion of a Corinthian ornament.

Roman Remains.—The work going on in front of the church of St. Thomas, at Strasburg, has brought to light the remains of extensive Roman constructions. At Dijon, an amphora has been dug up, containing the bones of sheep, and thirty Roman medals, of (among others) Claudius, Nero, Domitian, Trajan, and Maximin.

Lines written on the fly leaf of an early edition of Waller's poems:—

A slice of pudding once, a man divine
(Twas of pure love; sent to his *valentine*;
But madam flouted, and despised the priest,
Returned the pudding—and the following jest.
"Tak bak the pudden thou aspairu vikkar,
If Nas lofe pudden, tise ware plums aer thecar."
Her reverend sire thus dictated the thought;
And thus the nymph in her belic-spelling wrote.
The tale saith on—that, having sucked her thumbs.
Some years—and lost her teeth and taste for plums.
The lass less coy, as well as nice was grown,
Plain pudding's welcome, and at last goes down.

Chusan.—The Chinese island, Chusan, which has been lately seized by the British troops, is the most northern station in which tea is made. The whole island is said to abound with tea-trees, even to the tops of the mountains; and it may become in portance, not merely as a military position, but as an additional means of rendering this country independent of the caprice of the Celestial Empire for supplies of tea.—*Gardener's Chronicle.*

Fates of Authors.—Only think of Johnson and Savage rambling about the streets of London at midnight, without a place to sleep in; Cowley mad, and howling like a dog, through the aisles of Chichester Cathedral, at the sound of church music! and Goldsmith, strutting up Fleet-street in his peach-blossom coat, to knock a bookseller over the pate with one of his own volumes; and then, in his poverty, about to marry his landlady in Green Arbour-court.

COMPLETION OF VOL. XXXVI.

A SUPPLEMENT

is published this day, containing
A LIFE AND MEMOIR
of the intrepid

Commodore Napier, R. N.

with Title, Index, &c. to the Thirty-sixth Volume.

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LINNARD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—In PARIS by all the Booksellers.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUNGEL.

The Mirror

OF
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 1042.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1841.

[PRICE 2d.]



INTERIOR OF
THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE,
OXFORD STREET.

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Quel chapeau épouvantable!

C'est très bien, Monsieur Ferguson; mais c'est ne pas possible que vous pourriez rester ici!

Vous venez sans un oeil!

Sacré Dieu! quel vilain vol!

Qui l'a volé l'âne?

Comment se port votre mère?

Kei ehapo poof on tabbell!

Se fray bycang, Mochoeu Ferguson; may say any paw possible hell kay voo pootey restey see!

Voo avroila sans pou ale!

Sakher blin!

Kee la voley l'ann?

How's your mother?

What a shocking bad hat!

It's all very well, Mr. Ferguson; but you don't lodge here!

There you go with your eyes out!

Flaw up!

Who stole the donkey?

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"I beg pardon for interrupting you," observed Tom, "but that variety of which you speak is produced curiously enough. I happened to take up my quarters once upon a time at the Café de l'Orangerie, and I know the trick. There the bill of fare exhibits a catalogue of three hundred dishes; but, in truth, there are never more in the house than three. For instance, there appear on the 'carte' a hundred different *entrées* of veal, another hundred of beef, and a third hundred of mutton. A piece of each of these meats is kept simmering in a stew-pan, and a copper of universal gravy with a few handfuls of sliced vegetables, are always at hand. You order, for example, '*gigot mouton avec sauce piquante*,'—that sounds well, and probably you may think it will eat as well as it sounds; a scrap of meat is immediately cut from the shapeless junk in the stew-pan, is then well-slopped with universal gravy, and a dash of the vinegar-cruet supplies the '*sauce piquante*.' If, haply, you prefer '*boeuf à la sauce Tomato*,' or '*à la Jardinière*,' it is all the same: a little red-lead or brick-dust, colours the universal gravy for the former, and a pinch of dried sage gives a refreshing verdure to the latter. Veal is treated in a manner precisely similar: whether you order '*veau à l'oseille*,' or any of the other ninety-nine variations that are played upon the subject in the stew-pan, it is all the same,—the sorrel, spinach—anything green will do—is plastered over the bit of meat, and served up to order. 'Tis the universal gravy that does it."

A COFFEE-HOUSE DINNER.

Oh, what a sum of suffering is represented in the term! Who has forgotten the slice of watery cod, apparently boiled in the weeds which serve for garniture; with a large boat of bookbinder's paste, in which crude oysters were stuck! For condiment, soy with flies in it, or anchovy, which will not pour; and cayenne, whose heat has paled, while the grains have consolidated. Two or three long kidney potatoes à l'eau, and thoroughly saturated with the simple element in which they were boiled. To follow, according to custom, the slice of a cow's hide, by courtesy styled a steak, tough and black, but set off with lumps of yellow fat, the sight whereof would distress an Esquimaux. Add to this a substance resembling mixed lamp-black and grease for gravy. After the struggle with the steak, if the guest had a tooth left in his head, he,

perhaps, was mad enough to order a tart; which was composed of the third of an apple cut into slices, keeping shape perfectly, and defying the operation of baking, by a vigorous constitutional crudity—covered with a pale dry crust, ready to part from the dish at the slightest instance, as weary of the stale connexion. Next, a cheese, more biting than bitten, which had felt warmth, and whose ooings were beautifully glazed, and delicately powdered with dust. To these delicacies, add the menstruum of a pint of a hot and distasteful compound, drunk only because it was put in a decanter and to be paid for; and, lastly, that enormity of enormities, **THE BILL** :—

Cod and oyster sauce	3 6
Rump-steak and ditto	3 6
Potatoes	1 0
Bread and beer	1 0
Tart	1 6
Pint of Old Port	3 6
	14 0

To which, if the party thought the avoidance of insult worth expense, was to be added,
Waiter 1 6

And such is a Coffee-house Dinner!

The Gatherer.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S CHURCH, NEAR THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

On Monday last, the 4th inst., the remains of the above memorable church were sold by auction, preparatory to its being taken down. Little more than the bare walls was left for the auctioneer (Mr. Toplis) to dispose of—the pews, the flooring, and the organ, having been previously removed: the vestry-room, part of the old church, is to remain, and to form part of the intended Sun Fire-office. The building was visited by vast numbers of people on the day of sale.

Without frost and snow, that form the ice of the great holy-day cake, Christmas festivities would be incomplete.

Curran and the Sunbeam.—In one of Curran's most celebrated speeches, he was struggling for an illustration of his client's innocence. "It was clear as—as—(at this moment the sun shone into the court) clear as yonder sunbeam that now bursts upon us with its splendid coruscations."

Gothic Architecture.—The periods of the different modifications of this style of building may be thus settled and exemplified—*Absolute Gothic*, unmixed with the Saxon manner, about 1390, see Winchester Cathedral. *Ornamental Gothic*, 1441, see King's Col. Cambridge. *Florid Gothic*, 1480, see St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and Henry VIIIth's, Westminster-abbey.

Sir Philip B. Vere Broke, the hero of *The Shannon*, died on the 3d inst., at Broke-hall, Suffolk.

Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper."—The extreme simpleness of the scene is in singular unison with the primitive, yet august,

nature of the subject. A table, thinly spread out, where the guests are as few and economically arranged as the viands, bespeak the humbleness and solemn quiet, and all-observed order of the banquet, till disturbed by the terrible announcement.

Mendelssohn's Paul.—Simplicity is the pervading feature of this oratorio; it is the pure musical Doric, with never the intrusion of a Corinthian ornament.

Roman Remains.—The work going on in front of the church of St. Thomas, at Strasburg, has brought to light the remains of extensive Roman constructions. At Dijon, an amphora has been dug up, containing the bones of sheep, and thirty Roman medals, of (among others) Claudius, Nero, Domitian, Trajan, and Maximin.

Lines written on the fly leaf of an early edition of Waller's poems:—

A slice of pudding once, a man divine
(Twas of pure love, sent to his valentine;
But madam scouted, and despised the priest,
Returned the pudding—and the following jest.
"Tak bakkt the pudden thou aspairin vikkar,
If Nas lose pudden, tise ware plums aer thiccar."
Her reverend sire thus dictated the thought;
And thus the nymph in her belle-spelling wrote.
The tale saith on—that, having sucked her thumbs,
Some years—and lost her teeth and taste for plums.
The lass was coy, as well as nice was grown,
Plain pudding's welcome, and at last goes down.

Chusan.—The Chinese island, Chusan, which has been lately seized by the British troops, is the most northern station in which tea is made. The whole island is said to abound with tea-trees, even to the tops of the mountains; and it may become in portiant, not merely as a military position, but as an additional means of rendering this country independent of the caprice of the Celestial Empire for supplies of tea.—*Gardener's Chronicle.*

Fates of Authors.—Only think of Johnson and Savage rambling about the streets of London at midnight, without a place to sleep in; Cowley mad, and howling like a dog, through the aisles of Chichester Cathedral, at the sound of church music! and Goldsmith, strutting up Fleet-street in his peach-blossom coat, to knock a bookseller over the pate with one of his own volumes; and then, in his poverty, about to marry his landlady in Green Arbour-court.

COMPLETION OF VOL. XXXVI.

A SUPPLEMENT

is published this day, containing

A LIFE AND MEMOIR

of the intrepid

Commodore Napier, R. N.

with Title, Ind. &c. to the Thirty-sixth Volume.

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